THE Tiger

RUGBY ISSUE

THE TIGER

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To Mr. Sydney A. Tibbetts,
an upholder of clean athletics and a champion
of true sportsmanship, is this
volume appreciatively
dedicated

A Pawn in the Game of War

The palatial liner of the P. M. S. Company had been carefully creeping down the coast for two days. The weather had been excellent, but the careful observer would have noticed that an air of subdued excitement was present. On the bridge the captain and officers paced nervously back and forth and stopped every little while to scan the sky-line with their glasses. Each time the captain turned away with a sigh of relief. One more day would see his ship safely docked.

Rumor had gotten afloat among the passengers that some danger threatened, and they, too, lined the rails and gazed anxiously out to sea.

Half-way across the Pacific the news that war had been declared was received and the captain had shifted his course to escape the cruisers that he surmised would be blockading the ports.

Nothing occurred during the morning to attract attention. About two o'clock that afternoon, however, a faint smudge of smoke appeared off to starboard. This caused considerable excitement among the passengers, but as it disappeared in a short time the incident left the minds of all except the captain. He determined to keep an extra careful watch that night.

The next morning, noticing that the captain was looking extremely worn out, I asked him if he thought the situation was one of real danger. He confided to me that he was constantly expecting to see a cruiser appear.

"But," he added, "I think we are nearly out of the danger zone and I expect to reach port tomorrow night." With that he left me and ascended the bridge to resume his watch.

A dense fog, prevalent along this part of the coast, had settled down. I had just decided to go to my cabin for a book when I happened to glance off into the fog. Immediately all thoughts of the book left my mind. Out of the fog to starboard had appeared a flying gray bulk. That curved prow with the two upflying jets of white water, those latticed masts and open ports could mean but one thing, the thing that we had most cause to avoid—a cruiser. Then the fog, that had been varying all morning, shut down heavier than ever, and the cruiser faded from view.

For a few seconds I sat spellbound. Then, glancing toward the bridge, I saw that the captain too had seen, for his face had turned an ashen gray. Turning his head, he saw me looking at him and beckoned to me to come up on the bridge.

"You saw it?" he gasped, as soon as I had reached him. I nodded.

"I don't think anyone else noticed it, though," I added.

"Look!" exclaimed the captain; "the fog is clearing away."

Looking up from the deck, where I had been observing the actions of the

passengers, I saw that he was right. The fog was rapidly clearing under the rays of the morning sun.

"Now for it," muttered the captain, as he rang for full speed ahead.

"There she is, captain," I cried, for out of the fog had reappeared the flying cruiser. Her course was nearly parallel to ours and she was about a furlong ahead of us. The fog was rapidly lifting now and everything on the cruiser's decks was plainly visible, although she was rapidly drawing away. Rapidly drawing away! Then she was not pursuing us. Quickly I glanced about the horizon for signs of pursuer or pursued, but not a sign of a ship did I see. But no! What was that round, black thing shooting along the surface? The captain too had seen it, and also the passengers, who now lined the rail, having seen that we were not being pursued.

"A submarine," he cried, "the conning tower of a submarine."

Then suddenly the whole side of the cruiser burst into flame, and the thundering roar of a broadside reached us. Too late; the submarine had dived. Several of the shells skipped over the water dangerously near us and brought the captain to a sudden realization of our danger. He promptly altered the course till we were steaming full speed away from the scene of the combat.

Meanwhile I continued to watch the battle. The cruiser had altered her course a trifle, and suddenly a gray streak leaped from her—the deadly Whitehead torpedo. Then for the space of a few seconds nothing happened. The cruiser was rapidly drawing away from her pursuer, when suddenly I saw a slim, pipe-like object rise from the water about five hundred yards in front of us. I recognized it immediately as a periscope, the eye of the submarine. It was making a diagonal course toward the cruiser, when a puff of white smoke, a flash, another puff and another flash, and two shells went screeching over the wave tops a few yards in advance of the periscope.

Then the periscope disappeared. The submarine was preparing for the final blow. I could have cried aloud in my excitement. The passengers were lined along the rail and were held spellbound by the approaching tragedy.

Then it happened! A great white column of foam shot up on the left side of the cruiser. She seemed to falter, then visibly staggered. A dull report was heard, followed by another and more terrific explosion under the bridge. A huge, thick column of yellow smoke rose around the doomed cruiser. A topmast, a funnel, a turret and the bridge were hurled into the air. The stern rose up, up till the racing propellers could be seen beating the air. Then it dropped back. Fire burst out in every part, and in a moment the cruiser was a mass of flames. Slowly at first, then faster and faster she began to sink. Soon the afterdecks were awash and the figures of men could be faintly made out running around the decks trying to lower boats. But too late. It had come too quickly. With a sudden shudder and amidst a cloud of steam from the bursting boilers the bows raised high. She poised there for a second. It was a picture indelibly printed on my mind. Then, swift as an arrow, she plunged down, and the tossing water closed over her. Nothing was left on the surface but a little debris, floating aimlessly on the oily waves.

Sick and faint with the horror of what I had seen, I turned away. Farther out and headed north went the submarine. It had risen, and on the conning tower there stood a solitary figure, gazing at the spot where the cruiser had sunk. Smaller and smaller it grew, till it disappeared among the tossing billows—the conqueror.

Grimly the captain turned the ship around and slowly we cruised back and forth over the spot where the cruiser went down. But not a single survivor was rescued. All had perished.

With sober mien the captain had the ship set on its course again, and that evening we reached port—our minds still filled with the terrible tragedy that was but a pawn in the great game of war.

The Big Horn

It was a dry year in the upper regions of the Rockies, and feed was so scarce that even the mountain sheep were forced to come to the timber line to satisfy their hunger.

A large band of these sheep, headed by a stately ram, was feeding on a small meadow inclosed by steep cliffs capped with snow and girted by tall pines. Each day this ram, the patriarch of the flock, led his followers from the secluded recesses of the cliffs to the open valley below.

One day as they were feeding, the old ram, without any apparent reason, became restless. Some instinctive feeling caused him to gather his flock and lead them to the higher regions.

Shortly after they had disappeared over the cliff a man, carrying a pack, entered the meadow. He pitched his lonely camp by a small brook that, gushing down the mountain, flowed quietly through the meadow. After his supper had been silently eaten he began a short tour of the locality. Before he had gone far he saw the fresh tracks of the mountain sheep. Joe was an old hunter and knew their haunts and habits. Without any hesitation he returned to his camp, cleaned his gun and made ready a lunch, which he placed in a small knapsack. It was sundown when Joe fell asleep with an almost satisfied smile.

Before sunrise the following morning Joe was well on his way toward the top of the high cliffs where the sheep had disappeared the day before. He hunted all day with no success. As he began to descend to the meadow he was astonished to see the large band of sheep climbing the other side of the cliff. Joe had been outwitted. The sheep had had their regular feed. On seeing the large ram at their head Joe was almost tempted to shoot, for such a trophy would tempt any hunter. Instead of shooting he promised himself that he would get the ram. For five successive days Joe was kept baffled, always appearing just as the ram was leaving with his band.

On the sixth day Joe tried stratagem, and instead of leaving for the higher places he hid himself on the edge of the forest, and waited. After tedious hours the band appeared on the cliffs and slowly descended over the rocks and through the forest to the fresh feed. For hours the silent hunter waited for his chance. At last it came. The ram was working toward Joe's position and was standing in full view. He was so close that Joe could see his eyes. Such a wonderful specimen the hunter had never seen before. How the animal overtowered the rest of the herd! What a wonderful pair of horns! The long white hair covered the rigid and muscular body in such a graceful manner that it seemed almost a crime to shoot.

Suddenly there came an awful crash and roar from behind. Joe turned just in time to see a large grizzly as he was making ready to jump. Without a second's loss Joe fired. The shot was not fatal. As the charging bear advanced Joe turned to run for a better position. A projecting root caused him to fall and lose his gun. There was no time to climb out of reach; he could not outrun the grizzly—Joe knew that he was lost.

At the first roar of the bear the large ram lifted his head in startled alarm. He started to run, the flock following. Of course they ran up, as all mountain sheep do, regardless of where the danger was. The leader did not have far to go until he came upon the charging bear. With the one thought of saving his flock, the ram met the bear with the force of a piledriver. The bear, wounded by the gun and bewildered by the new attack, paused to reconnoiter. Joe's chance came. Regaining his rifle, he brought the bear to the ground without a struggle. The ram swerved as the bear fell, and brought up facing Joe. They eyed each other. Instinctively Joe raised his rifle, but his sense of fair dealing, bred by his intimacy with the wilderness, overpowered his desires as a sportsman. With a feeling of mingled regret and gratitude he watched the ram disappear over the mountain.

Queen's Last Point

On a dark October morning two figures, one a man and the other a dog, were slowly tramping over the foothills of Sonoma County. It was very foggy, almost raining. The air was damp, the ground was wet; not a quail was anywhere to be seen or heard. Gulch after gulch, ravine after ravine, bush after bush, all were hunted in vain. Panting and tired, the dog kept up the hunt. The quail were under cover and the moist ground concealed all scent; consequently not a bird was flushed. It was no use to continue hunting, so the hunter called the dog and they both rested.

Before an hour had passed, the fog, as if touched by the wand of a fairy, lifted; the sun came out and sent its glowing rays upon the fatigued hunters. It gave them new life, for not only the master, but Queen, too, knew the day's hunting was not going to be spoiled. Thus their rest was interrupted and the pursuit resumed.

Vapor rose from the ground, wild flowers lifted their heads, birds twittered in the bushes, and everywhere signs of life were visible. The quail also welcomed the sun. In hopes of enjoying its warmth, they came out from their hiding into the open.

"Co-che-cu, Co-che-cu," called the watchman.

"Tu-tut-tut, Tu-tut-tut," replied the rest of the flock.

Up went Queen's paw, up went the master's automatic. Shaking and nervous, Queen waited for the signal.

"Go!"

Three successive shots brought down five birds. These Queen faithfully retrieved. So the morning passed. Some birds were missed, others never found, but on the whole the hunting was exceptionally good. With the limit, lacking two, the hunter rested once more.

After sharing his lunch with his companion the man went to sleep. Before long some quail flew into a nearby bush. Queen, loyal to her training, rose, sniffed the air, and automatically her paw rose. Nervously she waited for the familiar signal. It did not come. Finally, turning towards her master, she saw him asleep. Her hair stiffened and her eyes gleamed, for by her master's side a huge rattler lay coiled. Dropping her paw, she sneaked, cat-like, to the sleeping man. A move by the hunter would mean death. Queen seemed to know, and slowly came nearer and nearer the reptile. To attract the snake's attention without awakening the master, Queen quickly put her paw upon the snake, but too slowly drew it away. The snake struck. A cry of pain awakened the hunter. Grasping the automatic, which lay near by, he shot the rattler. Alas, it was too late, for the snake's fangs had penetrated the dog's paw. To save Queen's life the hunter amputated her leg.

Queen now occupies a place in the hunter's home. She is always happy except when the hunter takes his gun from the rack. Then, with a mournful look, she limps to her place by the hearth, for her hunting days are over; she is minus her pointing paw.

Der Schwanz Des Fuchses

Wir alle wissen, dass die Jäger, wie alle Sünder, die Geschichten von ihren Abenteuern vergrössern mögen, und daher sind sie nicht gute Befolger der Wahrheit. Ein gewisser Edelman, der die Manie zu lügen mehr als andere hatte, erzählte oft von den wunderbaren Abenteuern welche er auf der Jagd gemacht hätte, wenn er nicht einmal aus dem Hause gegangen war.

Er übertrieb seine wirklichen Abenteuer so, dass sie unglaublich waren. Sein Diener zeigte ihm eines Tages den Schaden die er sich selbst tun würde.

"Dass sind Unwahrheiten die niemand glauben kann, mein Herr."

"Du bist recht, Karl. Ich weiss es ja."

"Nun dann, Herr?"

"Nun, Karl, jedesmahl wenn ich übertreibe, bitte ziehe meinen Aermel."

"Gut, mein Herr; ich werde das nicht vergessen."

Nicht später als den nächsten Abend fing er an eine andere seiner übertriebenen Geschichten zu erzählen.

"Ich muss dir von meiner wunderbaren Jagd heute Morgen erzählen," sagte er. "Ich tötete einen Fuchs der einen Schwanz hatte sechs Fuss lang."

Der Diener, der von solch einer Uebertreibung erschrocken war, zog den Aermel seines Meisters.

"Wenn ich sechs Fuss sage," antwortete der Meister, "irre ich mich ein wenig, aber es waren gewiss fünf."

Der Aermel wurde wieder gezogen.

Fünf Fuss ist vielleicht ein wenig zu lang, aber wenn er nur vier wäre, würde er doch ein schöner Schwanz sein."

Der Diener zog den Aermel heftig.

"Schliesslich dürfte der Schwanz nur drei Fuss sein. Aber wären es nur zwei——"

Karl, der wusste dass sein Meister den Tag nicht auf die Jagd gegangen war, zog noch wieder des Meisters Mantel.

Ungeduldig schrie der Jäger:

"Lasse uns dann sagen, dass der Schwanz nur ein Fuss lang war, und lass uns nicht mehr davon sprechen."

Aber der Diener, ohne Mitleid, zog noch immer an den Aermel.

Dann drehte sich der Meister um, und sagte in einer reizenden Stimme:

"Wie ist das, Karl? Ist es möglich, dass der Fuchs keinen Schwanz hatte?"

A Pen Sketch of the World as Lincoln Saw it at My Age

(*Condensed version of prize essay*)

A pen-picture, an attempt then, to reduce to black and white the colorful world that is visible to a boy! A difficult problem indeed—perhaps as difficult as to obtain a view of the wide world, without perspective, without the third dimension, of depth.

Lincoln at my age, not yet attained his majority, not considered a man in the eyes of the world, was yet endowed with a brain, already at this age stored with the fund of information that he had gleaned from the few books that were placed at his disposal, and from the observations of his fellow-beings, surroundings, and conditions. At this age the boy Lincoln was fitting himself for the place in the nation that he filled so nobly as a man.

Lincoln, as a boy, in his poor surroundings, was quick to see the value and the necessity of a rudimentary education, and it was his own earnest desire for knowledge that led him to equip himself with the elementary education available; but it was his persistency, ambition, and determination to be a man among men that led him to acquire that greater portion of his education which was not available, but which he was forced to secure for and by himself.

Perhaps it was his firm belief in one of his cited copy-book phrases

"Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by,"

that encouraged him to seek learning in wider fields, that impelled him to ferret out the explanation for natural phenomena, which his neighbors neither understood nor attempted to explain, or that caused him to familiarize himself with the greatest bits of English literature.

Education was without doubt one of the most important of the "things as Lincoln saw them at my age." Lincoln fully realized the handicap of ignorance and strove to place himself beyond that handicap. Lincoln, himself, gave as a reason for his incessant study and inquiry the fact that he was possessed with an ever-present desire to understand the complex things which were foreign to him, and that a slight knowledge of a subject only served to sharpen desire for a keener insight into its complexities. If we would better understand this desire of Lincoln's, it is well to quote from his own lips in reference to his education:

"I could not sleep, although I tried to, when I got on such a hunt for an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied

until I had repeated it over and over; until I had put it in language plain enough as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south, and bounded it east and bounded it west."

When we consider that such a passion for clear expression dominated him (even at my age), is it any wonder that those memorable lines of his "Gettysburg Address" have survived and will continue to survive as a touchstone of lucidity and beauty of language?

When we look upon the world, "as Lincoln saw it at my age," we must see things through the eyes of an optimist, for Lincoln took a broad view of life, and while he had every reason to complain of his lot, poverty-stricken as it was, we have yet to hear of the chronicler who records the pessimistic note in Lincoln's character. With all the sufferings and privations of the rude frontier life, with the loss of his dear mother—that dear mother, immortalized with the words, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother,"—yet there is not one record to prove that he did not find life the sweeter because it was not all happiness! In his after-life, which was one of comparative comfort, he referred humorously to the struggle for existence,—"those pretty pinching times"—and his own descriptions of his boyhood portray that period as one of happiness, filled with the joy of living.

Lincoln's first real view of the world, beyond what he saw as the results of his family's migrations, came at the age of nineteen years. He was chosen to take a produce flat-boat to New Orleans, and there to dispose of the cargo. This trip revealed to the boy's eyes the wonderful, wide world, which, before this, had been to him only a vauge map-world, gathered from his studies of geography.

On this memorable trip, Lincoln received his first view of slavery. The great purpose of his life was exposed to him, and while it is very improbable that any idea of his emancipating the slaves even occurred to him, still there may have been a premonition of some sort, and there can be no doubt that this first close view of slavery did cause him to resolve to do what he could to abolish this traffic in humanity. Possibly this view of such an inhuman institution did more than anything else to crystalize the character forming within Lincoln. It is certain that the sight of separated families of slaves—men, women and children bound with clanking chains and iron fetters,—weak women and young girls forced to labor at the tasks of strong men,—forced under the lash to execute Herculean tasks,—awakened in the boy Lincoln the great desire to uplift the civilization which countenanced such barbarism, and crush the spirit which encouraged the barter of human souls.

It must not be supposed, however, that from the time of Lincoln's first glimpse of slavery, nothing but the one desire to exterminate it dominated his being. On the contrary, the struggle for existence occupied so very much of the young Lincoln's time for the next decade, following his visit to the land of slavery, that it is extremely doubtful whether any visions of himself as the Great Emancipator ever entered his mind. That he was even at this time interested in legal affairs and matters of government, however, is evidenced by many anecdotes which relate to his many visits to local courts. His own career as a lawyer did not commence until several years later; but we learn from his biographers that the law appealed to him strongly as a vocation while he was yet a boy.

We can scarce omit from an account of "things as Lincoln saw them" some words on his attitude towards peace and war—questions which today are as much unanswered and open to debate as they ever were. Lincoln, at my age, could hardly be expected to pass upon questions of national importance to be settled by peace or war, but we may still judge his attitude toward those grave subjects when we consider the trite saying, "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined." We may judge his attitude, then, to be decidedly for peace; and yet, while he

ruled as President, this country witnessed the most bloody conflict it has ever known. He looked upon fighting as he looked upon cruelty to animals, as the result of ignorance and barbarism, and when we question this view as it applied in later life to his actions regarding the great Civil War, we are at once silenced by the fact that as President his first duty was to hold the Union together.

Lincoln's attitude toward religion, as he saw it at my age, can only be conjectured. We have no authority which refers very much to Lincoln's religious beliefs in his youth; but we know that Abraham Lincoln was the son of a God-fearing man, that his mother was a religious woman, and finally, that the first book placed in Lincoln's hands, and the book with which he was most familiar, was the Bible. While we can not refer directly to religion in Lincoln's youth, beyond the few facts just mentioned and the fact that at my age he was denied the opportunities of attending an established church with much regularity, perhaps it will not be going too far astray to quote some of the later references to his religious beliefs, some portion of which must surely have been influenced by his religious beliefs as a boy. Let us regard the quotations from a conversation in regard to slavery with Mr. Bateman, a close friend of Lincoln:

"I am not a Christian. God knows I would be one. But I have carefully read the Bible, and I do not understand this book. (The New Testament.)

"I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know that I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."

Let these few words suffice to give Lincoln's creed and his faith. He was a man among men, as he desired from his boyhood to be—a boyhood pure and virgin, spent in the molding of his character. His was a rough boyhood; he was forced to carry a heavy burden, but, as one of his biographers, Noah Brooks, so aptly states it, "In a wonderfully strange school God was training the President that should be."

History of Pens

A pen is an instrument for forming or making lines with ink, or any other colored fluid. The word pen originally meant a winged feather, but in the ancient times the implements used for making characters were not quills. The ancients used the stylus for their engraving. This was an instrument shaped like a bodkin, and made of ivory, bone, or some metal. The true pen of the ancients, however, was what was called a calamus, or arundo. This was a hollow stalk of grasses, which grew in the marshes, and was cut off diagonally, much the same way as a quill. Thin stalks of bamboo were also used for writing purposes.

Quill pens were in use by some nations even before the seventh century. Those which formerly have been in exclusive use were obtained principally from the wing of the goose. Swan quills were also highly prized and were used to some extent, while crow-quills, and the wing feathers of certain other birds, were adopted at different times. It was not until 1809 that an inventor, named Joseph Bramah, patented a machine to cut the quills up; by his invention small nibs could be inserted in the end of each quill. This was practically the first idea of our modern pen and penholder.

Metallic pens did not come into use until after the middle of the nineteenth century. About 1850 steel pens started to become one of the most important articles manufactured in the city of Birmingham, England. The first appearance of steel pens was in the year 1803. During this year a Mr. Wise in London sold a steel pen, which was made in the form of a tube or barrel pen, the edges meeting to form the slit, and the sides cut away as in the case of the ordinary quill. These pens sold at five shillings apiece, but were hard to write with, and did not prove a success.

A man by the name of Mason established the first successful pen trade in the year 1830. This pen, which he made, was invented by James Perry. Perry's improvement over previous pens was due to the fact that he succeeded in making a pen from hard, thin, and elastic metal, the most suitable material being the finest steel brought to a spring temper. The necessary flexibility was given to the pen by a central hole, formed in the pen between the nib and the shoulder, in connection with a central slit. There were also one or two lateral slits on each side of the central slit that helped to make the pen easy to write with. There were several other inventors, such as Mordan and Joseph Gillot, who each added some little idea to the pen before it was finally perfected.

Metals other than steel were frequently suggested by inventors. Silver, zinc, German silver, aluminum, and aluminum bronze were the most com-

mon substances that were tried. Gold pens were also extensively experimented upon. There is, however, a great difference between the pens now used and those that were in use a century ago. The pens now made of this precious metal have iridum tips, and are made by different processes and different machines from the steel pens.

The finish, which the common steel pen now shows, and the low price for which it is sold, are triumphs of manufacturing skill, the credit of which is largely due to Birmingham. Our pens are now made of rolled sheets of cast steel of the finest quality, made from Swedish charcoal iron. These sheets are cut into strips of suitable length, annealed in a muffled furnace, and then put into a bath of dilute sulphuric acid to remove the oxidized scale from the surface. The strips are then rolled between steel rollers, until they are in ribbons the thickness of the pens which are to be made. The pen blanks, or pieces which are to become pens, are now cut out of these ribbons. In one operation the pen blanks are pierced and the central perforation and shoulder or side slits are made. They are again annealed, and are stamped with the maker's name, or whatever is to be stamped on the pen. Up to this point the blanks are flat. They are now rolled in the semi-cylindrical form in which pens are used. The pens are now tempered until they are a spring steel or a dull blue color, and then they are polished and ground. The cutting of the main or central slit now follows. This is the slit from the perforation to the point. This slit is made by a chisel cutter worked by a hand screw press. On the precision with which the slit divides the point depends the perfection of the pen. Now the surface of the pen is colored in a revolving cylinder over a charcoal fire, and the pen is then varnished and it is ready for the market.

Birmingham, which was the first home of the steel pen industry, continues to be its principal center, although steel pens are manufactured extensively in France, Germany, and the United States.

SAFE!

In Memoriam

Allen Hudson

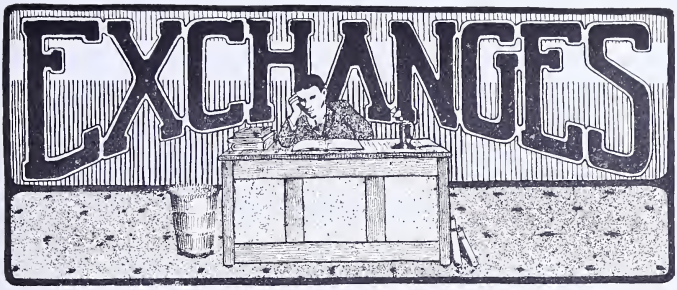
Class of 1917

Died

July 26, 1914

Fearless and self-sacrificing to the last, Allen Hudson, on July 26, gave his life in an heroic attempt to save his younger brother from drowning in the Oakland Estuary.

Allen was one of the most loved and respected members of the 1917 class. We shall miss him. The class and school extend their heartfelt sympathies to his bereaved parents.



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THE TIGER

ONCE more we are back; once more our foremost thought is football; and once more the Tiger is out. The same old Tiger, with a new cover, new material, and new "attendants," but still the same old Tiger. It is also the same old story: "Here we are. Look us over and tell us in good plain English what your opinion is." The paper is subject to criticisms. We know that. And we can only remedy our faults by your criticisms. We assure you further, that any criticisms will be gratefully received, for it is our aim to turn out a paper that is exactly what you want.

Much as we would like to continue about our paper, we realize that we must give way and space to what is now our foremost thought, football. It is football from morning to night. We talk it, we think it, and we even dream it, fancying someone on the team, ourselves perhaps, rushing over our opponent's line, eliminating them one by one, and at the end of the season triumphantly waving the Black and Gold high above the heads of those that opposed us.

Last year our dream came true, for after a hard struggle we found ourselves at the head of the Sub-league. This year—well, that will remain to be seen. This much, however, is known: That the team representing Lick will enter the league with that same determination to win that has always characterized a Lick team.

On the other hand, we have all come to realize that the winning of championships is not the main issue in connection with athletics; but the healthful benefits which one derives from them is the fundamental point back of the whole situation. This does not apply to football alone, but to all other forms of athletics as well. For that, and that alone, is, or should be the reason athletics are encouraged in any school. The healthful benefits come first, the championships follow. For if a team has acquired all the benefits which are obtained from athletics—strength, speed, cleverness, endurance, ability to think quickly, and knowledge of the game—the championship is theirs.

It is in this manner that the Lick team is firmly determined to win. In learning the game, they will benefit themselves from a standpoint of physical culture.

Under Arthur W. Wynne as coach, the team has made wonderful strides along this line. "Artie" knows the game. He has had a three-year Rugby course at Stanford and is in a position to show our fellows the most essential points toward physical development, and it is to that end that he is working, incidentally drilling into the fellows the art of bringing their individual good points under one head—team work.

Fellows, when the time comes, show your appreciation of "Artie's" work and the work of the team! Get behind them and boost! Swell the attendance at the games! Show the "Grads" that the Lick "Spirit" is not dead! Remember, it is your team; they are fighting for you and Lick!

Here's to our team! We're backing you to the man!

THE Exposition year is close at hand. San Francisco will be fully prepared to show to the world the fruits of education and civilization.

A few years ago, marsh and sand dunes covered the site of the Exposition. Today, beautiful palaces and arches, surrounded by velvety lawns, variegated shrubs, and trees of all description cover that same site.

Within these wonderful and beautiful palaces the world's progress will be shown by the exhibits of the various countries of the world. Each county in the State, nearly every State in the Union, and practically all the nations

of the world will exhibit something characteristic of their particular community.

San Francisco has a wonderful exhibit of her own. However, her exhibit will not be limited to the grounds within the fence which surrounds the great cluster of palaces, but the city as a whole will comprise her exhibit.

Fellow students, we are a part of that exhibit! WE are to show the world the fruits of OUR education, and above all—show HOW an education of our kind is accomplished.

As a technical school, we have received a well-earned reputation—a reputation of being one of the best institutions of the kind in the country. Consequently, with the opening of the Exposition, our school will be visited by educators and interested people from all over the states, and in some instances from various parts of the globe.

This reputation is naturally kept up by the students—it is part of the Lick "Spirit." But it is the duty of each and every student—from Senior to Freshman—to concentrate his energies on raising the standard of the school higher than it has ever been before. In other words, we should do more than simply keep up the reputation which our graduates have attained for us and the school.

Let these visitors see the value of such an education as ours. Show them the true Lick "Spirit." Leave an impression with them that they will always remember. Let them see that the true Lick "Spirit" is found wherever a student of Lick may be: at the rallies, on the field, in the classroom, or fighting his way in the world. And the time to start is NOW!

IT has been customary in past years to dedicate the first issue of the Tiger to the football team; partly because football seems to hold the highest place in our athletic card, and partly because the issue appears in the middle of the football season.

This year we are dedicating the paper to a member of our faculty, Mr. Sydney A. Tibbetts.

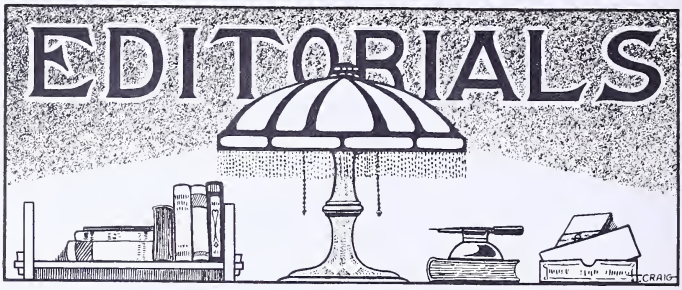
Mr. Tibbetts has done a great deal toward the development of athletics in our school. He has represented us in the A. A. L. for many years, and was instrumental in the organization of the new State Athletic League.

There are countless other things, both great and small, that Mr. Tibbetts has done for the betterment of athletics in our school, and in order to show our appreciation, this, the Rugby issue, is dedicated to him.

It's a Good Letter, After All.

Some one advanced the opinion, that the letter "e" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time. For some reason, he overlooked the fortunates of the letter, so we call his attention to the fact that "e" is never in war and always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty, makes love perfect, and without it there could be no editors, devils nor news.—*Fourth Estate.*

Nay, Nay. It's the end of both peace and love, as he and she attest, in marriage and divorce.—*Fifth E. State.*



The following is this staff's first attempt at criticism, and we hope it will not be thought too harsh:

The illegible cover of the *Adjutant,* San Rafael, Cal., draws attention to an othewise good magazine. The school notes are written in a breezy fashion, the military department being interesting to civilians. "Yellow Roses," as a melodramatic continued story, hardly reaches a high enough standard. The first half of the book suffers for want of cuts.

A typical Indian journal showing the serious phase of life is the *Carlisle Arrow,* from Carlisle, Pa. The literary department is good, but very serious. We also note that the *Arrow* lacks such customary departments as jokes, alumni and school notes. A few cuts would improve the paper.

The Dynamo, Newton, Mass., is an unique magazine. In shape, size and style of material it is unlike other high school journals. The verses are clever and the jokes are really witty. The paper is to be congratulated on its financial success in its present form.

El Gabilan, Salinas, Cal., publishes a pleasing commencement issue. The editorials have force and originality. The exchange department is handled in an unusual way, criticising the various papers under the headings of the different departments. The josh department is headed by a dissertation on humor, past and present, and contains several clever "Fables in Slang." The cartoon, "As Our Aspirations Soar," is not commendable high school work.

Hello, *Far Darter,* from St. Helena, Cal! We are delighted to see the name of your paper on our exchange list. Your literary department is full of interesting and realistic stories. Your other departments also are ably handled and help to raise the standard of your paper.

Much time has apparently been devoted to the commencement number of the *Focus,* Sioux Falls, S. D., but it appears incomplete and not well balanced. The literary department has been omitted, and the exchanges are very brief. There seems no reason for calling the alumni notes "News Notes." The best work is shown in the school notes, which are written in a clear, interesting manner.

The *Helios,* Grand Rapids, Mich., has an artistic cover for a paper so frequently published. Your best work is in the literary and joke departments. The jokes have given us many a hearty laugh.

Through the error of the printer, it seems, a very fine issue of the *Item,* Pasadena, Cal., has been somewhat spoiled. It is regrettable that the pages have been so mixed. The literary department is good; the "Who's Who" is excellent, as usual, and your motion picture idea is certainly commendable. The exchange list is good but brief.

We welcome with pleasure the *Student,* Oklahoma City. Your paper has many opportunities for improvement. Strengthen the literary department, abolish ads between articles, and awaken your art editor to the fact that you need a few cuts and some really interesting headings.

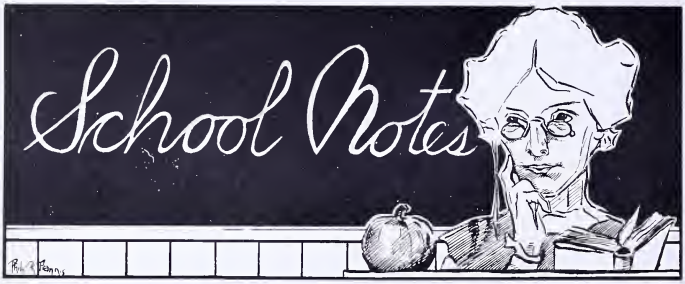
We are glad to exchange with such a fine paper as yours, *Tomahawk,* Ferndale, Cal. Your literary department is wonderful, containing many splendid stories and interesting articles. Your idea of leaving a page for autographs is unique and praiseworthy. On the whole, *Tomahawk* is one of our best exchanges.

The *Totem,* Seattle, Wash., can be described in one word—fine. The josh editor is a good judge of humor, and he has a well-chosen assortment; but too many of the jokes are exchanges. While the permanent cover gives an air of stability, a monthly change would give your artists—who show off to advantage between the covers—further opportunity for good work.

Plenty of material and a high standard in the literary department are the noteworthy features of the *Triangle,* Troy, N. Y. "The Sunny Step" is a good bit of poetry. More space should be devoted to school activities, and a few cuts between the stories would brighten up the paper.

It is with enjoyment that we read our sister school's publication, the *Wilmerding Life.* Although its close proximity makes a true criticism difficult, we consider it one of our best exchanges. "The Man That Made the Second Team," a story of heroic aspect, presents an unusual phase of football life. "Lucid Intervals," a substitute for a joke section, contains some real wit.

Lack of space prevents reviewing the following journals: *Ah La Ha Sa,* Albert Lea, Minn.; *Anemone,* Spearfish, S. D., *Anvil,* Painesville, Ohio; *Camosun,* Victoria, B. C.; *Countersign,* Los Angeles, Cal.; *Echoes,* Council Bluffs, Iowa; *Forum,* Lockport, N. Y.; *Gondolier,* Venice, Cal.; *High School Herald,* Westfield, Mass.; *High School Recorder,* Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Klakahma,* Bandon, Ore.; *Luminary,* Kansas City, Mo.; *Prints of Princeton,* Princeton, Ill.; *Rail Splitter,* Lincoln, Ill.; *Red and Black,* Tampa, Fla.; *Samohi,* Santa Monica, Cal.; *Shucis,* Schenectady, N. Y.; *Spy,* Kenosha, Wis.



The First Rally

On Wednesday afternoon, August 19, the first rally of the semester was held. The rally was opened by Yell Leader Knorp, who "gavemanalibebo."

Mr. Heyman, our dean, welcomed all the students, both old and new, and expressed the sincere hope that this would be a banner year in scholarship, deportment, and athletics.

President Janssen made a few opening remarks and introduced Miss Denny, who told us about, and led us in, the new Lick Hymn.

Mr. Tibbetts spoke on the "play side of school life"—athletics. He encouraged every boy to go out for some branch of sport, emphasizing the fact that it made no difference whether a team were already picked or not.

Heyneman, the manager of the football team, was called upon, and told about the schedule of practice games, and showed where everyone would have a chance to play.

Captain Feldcamp urged everyone to come out for the team. Fellows, Feldcamp needs your support! Give it to him!

Hitzeroth made a few remarks about the Tiger, as did Kohlmoos, the manager. Kohlmoos emphasized the necessity of obtaining ads for the paper.

President Janssen called on a new member of our faculty, Miss Eppard. She said that she could notice the superior quality of the Seniors compared with the Freshmen. Superior quality due to Lick training.

Two "old grads" were called upon. One was McNair, '11, and the other was Pyper, '12. Both gave interesting talks and gave us all some good advice. They were very much impressed by the spirit shown at the rally, and said that contrary to reports, the "Old Lick Spirit" was not dead.

Bradley, manager of the orchestra, said that this year they needed new members. We earnestly hope that the students will not neglect this important activity.

Dewing, captain of the track team, said there was a splendid opportunity for would-be athletes in his line, and that "practice makes perfect," was a fine motto.

"Boob" Green, the basketball captain, put in an early order for material, and hoped that when the call came, every one would be out for the teams.

"Frenchy" Rousellot, captain and catcher of the baseball team, appeared and offered each and everyone a chance to "make" the ball team. He was followed by "Kaiser" Jungblut, President of the Camera Club, who announced a little hike, to be held at a later date, and told of the "untold opportunities and pleasures" to be found in the dark room.

"Abie" Sabalot told about the L. W. L. D. S., the debating society of which he is President. Anybody that likes to debate can join that society and talk to his heart's content.

"Fatty" McGown next spoke of a new organization, the Radio Club. The aim and object of the club is to further the interest of wireless telegraphy. "Fat" is the C. O.

The rally was closed with a snappy Brackety Ax, led by Yell Leader Knorp.

Second Rally

On September 16, the second rally was held. Notice was called to the fact that the support of the student body was badly needed by the football team, both in recruits and general interest. Editor Hitzeroth and Manager Kohlmoos of the Tiger asked for the support necessary to turn out a good paper.

Of chief interest to the assembly was the fact that the A. A. L. has dissolved and in its place an organization called the California Interscholastic Federation has been formed. All high schools of any importance in the State of California are privileged to become members. But the high schools of San Francisco consider the competition in our own city sufficient, and so have declined an offer to join the California Interscholastic Federation. Instead they have formed a new organization called the San Francisco Athletic League.

Lick will enter into the S. F. A. L. with heart and soul, but at the same time will send her heartiest approval to the California Interscholastic Federation.

A letter was received from Berkeley High School proposing the organization of a chess club at Lick. This suggestion might be acted upon to advantage.

The rally ended with an Ali-bebo, led by Knorp.

L. W. L. D. S.

On August 22, 1913, the Debating Societies of Lick, Wilmerding and Lux became one, to be known as the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux Debating Society. Since then the society has made wonderful strides, and it is hoped that, with the present officers, this will be a banner year.

At the close of last year Mr. Sabalot was elected President, Miss Jeans Vice President, and Miss Taylor Secretary. These capable officers took up their duties immediately after school opened, and their first step toward a successful year was to draw up a new constitution, which was sorely needed. Frequent meetings have been called, with the main purpose of arranging for the Debating League of California convention, which is to be held at Lick on October 26. One member from each school has been chosen to act as a formal delegate to this convention: Mr. Frank from Lick, Mr. Johnson from Wilmerding, and Miss Logie from Lux. The annual L-W-L farce will be staged as part of the program for entertaining the delegates.

The students are giving the society good support, which is shown by the large membership list. Each school is well represented, and it only remains for time to bring around the various events which are planned to make the year's work a success.

Camera Club

The Camera Club has great promises for the coming year. The members in the shops are making an enlarging camera, which is expected to be finished very soon. On Saturday, September 19, a picnic was held at Muir Woods. It was certainly a great success. Wilmerding sent ten representatives, Lick ten, and Lux nineteen.

The officers for this year are: Jungblut, President; Mains, Vice President; Polini, Secretary; Young, Treasurer; Rickey, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Glee Club

Although somewhat handicapped by the leaving and graduating of some of its strongest members, the Glee Club has been making good progress. Several new and enjoyable songs are being practiced, which will enliven the various functions during the year. The Lick members have consented to lead the school at the opening of each rally in the singing of the school hymn.

The membership, however, is not up to the standard which the school is capable of supporting; many of the fellows think they have no voice, but, when they never sing, how can they tell? Better come around and find out at the next meeting. If you haven't any voice we will train you so you will have one.

Radio Club

The Radio Club is a new organization in this school. It is for those interested in wireless telegraphy or telephony. At the present time there are thirty members in the club. The officers for this year are: McGowan, President; Hemenway, Vice President, and Wickersham, Secretary-Treasurer.

Short Story Club

The Short Story Club has met twice this year in the Lux living room. Each meeting was well attended by members from the three schools.

The first meeting was entertained by a selection from Irving's "Alhambra," read by Miss Coffin.

Mrs. Stowell had charge of the second meeting and read a modern short story. Mrs. Stowell then recited some excellent selections and received due applause. Mrs. Stowell has promised to visit the club again.

A new branch of the Short Story Club has been formed and meets every other Friday. The purpose of this club is to write short stories.

Note: Short Story Club and Short Story ..... Club have been combined.—Editor.

The Junior-Freshmen Reception

In place of the usual picnic, the Junior classes of Lick, Wilmerding and Lux gave the Freshmen of the three schools a reception on the Lux Roof-Garden on the afternoon of September 4.

The afternoon's entertainment consisted of various games to amuse the "Scrubs," with dancing in between for the more dignified Juniors. Refreshments were also served, and those that attended spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

Senior Seminar

The opening Seminar was given by L. C. Hitzeroth on September 15. Mr. Hitzeroth had a series of slides dealing with the Spanish-American War, and gave a short explanation of each. The upper classes were well represented, but the lower classes had a poor turnout. Though called the Senior Seminar, the Senior part denotes the speaker, while the whole student body is most cordially invited to hear the speech.

Orchestra

One very promising school activity this year is the orchestra. In response to the call for new material several much needed instruments were found in the Sophomore and Freshman classes. Many old veterans are still with us, and under the able leadership of Hermann Kohlmoos will furnish music for the coming year.

The members are: Kohlmoos (leader); Faverman and Cohn, violins; Cohn, cello; Bradley (manager), clarinet; Altland, piano; Rousselot, trombone; Lawrey and Blum, cornets; Newmark, drums.

California

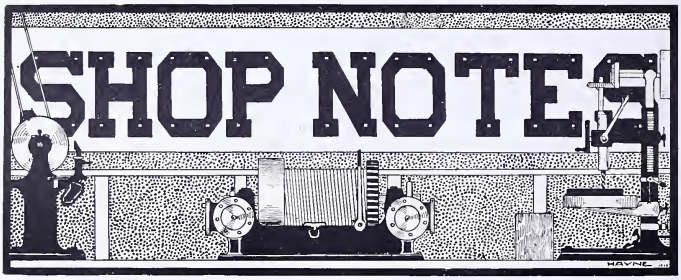
Of our Lick representatives, the '13 class seems to hold full sway over here. However, they do not constitute the whole of the representation, for there seems to be a smattering few in several of the other classes. For instance, from the '11 class there are L. Chilcote, M. Carlson, R. Hills, H. Hirschler, L. Jongeneel, F. House, and Wm. McNair, all of them big Seniors now, and each forging ahead in his respective department.

Among the Juniors we have Louis Brunel, H. Fox, M. Heilfronn, John Neuhaus, J. Bruce, and Catherine Boyle, all of the class of 1912.

We find among the Sophomores Mike Eggleston, '13; Alexander High, '13; H. Kidder, '13; Al Maynard, '12, and Ed Rust, '11, digging away in the College of Mechanics. In Ag. is found one lone rep.—Ansel Hall, '13, while in Mining Sam Ogilvie, '13, is the sole Lick Soph. In Natural Science we find H. Collins, '13, and Eric Taussig, '13. In Chem., Ralph Heintz, '13, is still plodding away. Gif. Wills, '13; "Blondy" Hansen, '13, and M. Weidenthal, '13, are trying Civil Engineering.

The Freshies are few—only John Deane, '14, who is starting Commerce, and Daniel Duncan, '14, and Leslie Paul, '13, in Mechanics; George Henderson, '11, in Civil Engineering, and Frank Wolongiewicz, '14, in Medicine.

Owing to the late arrival of the Stanford material, the Cardinal notes will not be published until the Christmas edition.



Mechanical Drawing

The Freshmen under Miss Boulware are on their exercise sheets on lines. The Sophomores have received the necessary preliminary instructions from Mr. Heyman and are now working on Orthographic Projections.

The Junior apprentices are Windler, Cowen, Holmes, and Townley. There are also a number of Juniors taking the polytechnic course in this department. They are all working on the Junior exercise sheets. In the Senior department, the work is well under way. Eskilson has finished the drawings and tracing for a centrifugal pump, and is now designing a windmill. Craig has finished several drawings and tracings of laboratory apparatus. Feldcamp is designing a sail for a yacht. Knorp is working on mechanics' models. Flaherty has completed some drawings of a stuffing box for a centrifugal pump and a drawing for a steam box. Lund, Peterson, and Nelsen are each working on a centrifugal pump, while Sibert and Nelson are at work on Pelton water wheels.

Pattern Shop

Some of the Freshmen have already finished their exercise joints and are learning the use of the turning tools. The only apprentice is Thatcher: HE has finished several odd jobs and is now making new patterns for the steam hoist.

Forge

With little regret the Sophs have passed over the period of pounding cold iron and have completed their preliminary exercises. A fence is being made for the new Wilmerding School. Mr. Mathis has no apprentices in his department.

Foundry

The beginners have finished their first exercises and have seen them poured. The experience seems to have increased their abilities, for Mr. Lacoste has now put them to work at molding the parts of the steam hoist, air compressor, and the gas engine. Mr. Lacoste has no apprentices in his department this year, but expects splendid results from the underclassmen.

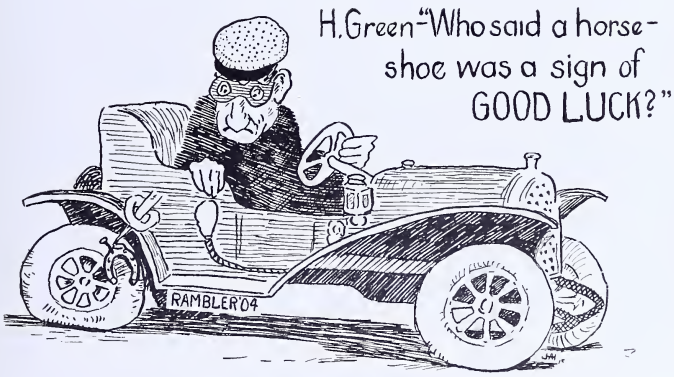
Machine

After much effort and many bruised knuckles, the Juniors have finished the squaring of the block, and have now passed on to the drilling exercises. The Junior apprentices, Dexter, Norman and Bruns, are doing odd jobs. Mr. Sunkel states that his Senior apprentices, Pengelly and Anderson, are a speedy combination. Pengelly has made a governor, which was designed by Mr. Sunkel, for the four horsepower gas engine. He has also started work on another steam hoist. Anderson has overhauled a drill press and two gas engines.

Chemistry

The Juniors Wilbrand and Anderson have finished the H_2S group and are on the separation of the members.

The Seniors Bennett, Rousselot, and Holman have completed the analysis of Portland cement and are now on the analysis of fertilizers.



Mr. Plumb in Physics: "Hills, if a billiard ball hit you on the head, what would happen to it?"

The Juniors and Freshmen had a jinx. Here's hoping that they got rid of it.

We wish to know why H. Green and "Fat" McGowan joined the Glee Club?

Also why Hayne's head is like the Tiger's treasury?

Football

With the opening of the season, only four veteran players were on hand: Captain Feldcamp, Janssen, Le Gal, and Johnson. In order that material might be developed, the Interclass was held before the regular season. Through the Interclass Series, the interest of those not well acquainted with the game was aroused, and in some cases brought about a "find."

Interclass Series

In the semi-final interclass games, the Seniors easily outplayed the Freshmen by the score of 30-0. The Junior-Sophomore game was an even match. The Juniors showed their slight superiority over the Sophs. by three points, the score being 8-5.

In the final game, the Seniors defeated the Juniors in the most exciting game of the series with the Seniors on the long end of a 5-3 score. The Senior line-up was as follows:

Forwards: Janssen (Capt.), Allsopp, Wank, Madden, Bennett, Nelson, Oppel, and Heyneman.

Backs: Frank, half; Anderson, first five; Feldcamp, second five; Pengally, three-quarters; Rouselot and Craig, wings; Knorp, full back.

Practice of the squad has been carried on daily. Wilmerding and Lick have arranged to practice together. Many practice games have been arranged for, and a few of them have been played. In these games Lick has not figured very well, when the scores are taken into consideration; but on the other hand the taste of defeat has only increased lust for victory, and the team has redoubled its energies in practice and is in the game for all that is in it.

It has always been the case in past years that a Lick team defeated in practice games is sure to put up a great fight in the league struggles. The team this year is light and inexperienced. The latter point is rapidly being remedied by the series of strenuous practice games, while the former will be more than made up for by additional speed and fight. Although the odds are against them, they are a determined squad and will be found tough picking for any team by the time the league games are played.

On the morning of October 10, Lick will line up against Commercial, at St. Ignatius Stadium, for her first league game. In this contest the official try-out of the team will take place, and the prospects are very bright for its making good.

There are two league games to follow this one, and if these are won it means that Lick will be a contestant for the sub-league championship in the final game.

Following is our schedule of league games:

Lick vs. Commercial, Saturday a. m., October 10.

Lick vs. Cogswell, Saturday p. m., October 24.

Lick vs. St. Ignatius, Saturday, October 31.

Swimming

The loss suffered by graduation leaves the team in a crippled condition, with only Captain Lasky and Fox left to build up a team. Manager Nelson is trying to secure a swimming tank which can be used throughout the entire season.

Track

The fall track season was opened with the interclass at Jackson Park on September 16th. The Sophomores, as usual, won the meet, but the results show fine prospects for a well balanced team.

Captain Dewing has been out every night and with him many others, in order to get into condition for coming dual meets.

On October 3rd, we have a dual meet scheduled with the High School of Commerce, and on October 10th, a similar meet with Lowell. These meets, combined with ordinary training, will put the team in fine shape for the First Track and Field Meet of the San Francisco Athletic League.

Basketball

With a few veterans behind him, Captain Green has a good chance to build up a strong team. When the season opens, the players will have an opportunity to become members of the local Y. M. C. A., thereby getting use of the tank, etc., on practice days. This will enable Captain Green to hold steady practice, and should be a great inducement to bring out the fellows for the team.

Baseball

With a few veterans from last year "signed up," the prospects for baseball are very bright. These few steady players will give Captain Rousselot something to work upon, and when the season arrives, he will have at least a working basis.

Senior German—"Ruhte der Kaiser aus von den Händeln."

P. Heyneman (translating)—"And the King was gladly resting—"

Sabalot (in whisper)—"Affairs of state."

P. Heyneman—"On his fire-escape!"

Isn't He a Dear?

Name: Egbert Adams.

Height: Five feet, three-quarters inch.

Weight: One hundred and four pounds.

Remarks: Miss Denny and Miss Beeger "think he's awfully cute."

We wish to know if the Czar's children are czardines.

Miss Beeger: "What class noun is Frau?"
Heinie: "Some class."

Kohlmoos (to fair maiden)—"Wiltst thou?"
And she wilted.

The Faculty has put a ban on the two-step on the stairs; the one-step is now in vogue.

"Cold-cream" Hills continues to bravely face-powder.

In scrub Science—"What is a volcano?"
Scrub Adams—"A mountain overflowing with lager."

Anderson—"Gee, I wish I was a conductor."
Jungblut—"Why?"
Anderson (with a huge yawn)—"Oh, the change would do me good."

Correct.

Sabalot: Did you see that girl smile at me?
Eskilson: That's all right, Abie, the first time I saw you I had to smile too!

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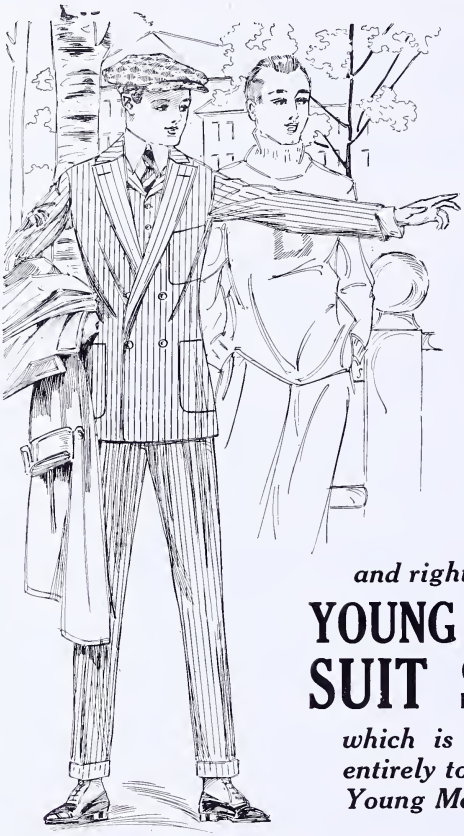

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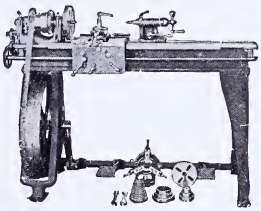

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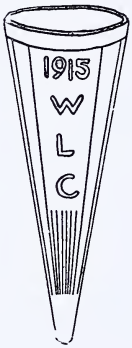

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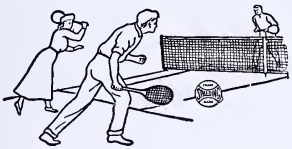

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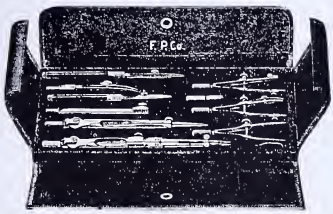

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